Gon. I haue bene worth the whiſtle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the duſt which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your diſpoſition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it ſelfe,
She that her ſelfe will ſliuer and disbranch
From her materiall ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly vſe.

Gon. No more, the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſedome and goodneſſe to the vilde ſeeme vilde,
Filths ſauour but themſelues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whoſe reuerence the head-lugd Beare would licke;
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it?
A man, a Prince, by him ſo beneflicted,
If that the heauens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly muſt perforce prey on it ſelfe, like monſters of the deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That beareſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eie deſeruing thine honour,
From thy ſuffering, that not know'ſt fooles, do theſe villains pity
Who are puniſht ere they haue done their miſchiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* ſpreds his banners in our noiſeleſſe
Land, with plumed helme thy ſlaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, ſits ſtill and cries
Alacke, why does he ſo?

Alb. See thy ſelfe diuell, proper deformiry ſeemes not in the fiend, ſo horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and ſelfe-couerd thing, for ſhame
Be-monſter not thy feature, wer't my fitneſſe

To let theſe hands obey
They are apt enough to
Thy fleſh and bones, hov
A womans ſhape doth ſ
Gon. Marry your man-

Ent

Alb. What newes?
Gent. O my good Lor
his ſeruant, going to put
Alb. *Gloſters* eyes?
Gen. A ſeruant that h
Oppos'd againſt the act
To his great maſter, wh
Flew on him, and amon
But not without that ha
Which ſince hath pluck
Alb. This ſhewes yo
That theſe our neather
But oh poore *Gloceſter*, l
Gent. Both, both my
Anſwer, tis from your ſi
Gon. One way I like th
But being widow, and
May all the building on
Vpon my hatefull life, a
Ile reade and anſwer.
Alb. Where was his
Gent. Come with my
Alb. He is not here.
Gent. No my good L
Alb. Knowes he the
Gent. I my good Lor
And quit the houſe on
Might haue the freer co
Alb. *Gloceſter*, I liue t
Thou ſhewedſt the Kin

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